No. 58

THE

FALSE PATRIOT:

A SATYRICAL

John Lord of Worse

EPISTLE

TO

W----- P--------y, Esq;

On His being Created

E---l of *B--T H*, &c.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXLII.
N. B. Sold in *London* at 6 *d.*

Harvard Colle e Library
May 7, 1912.
Gift o
Charles Jackson
of Boston

THE FALSE PATRIOT.

STARS, Robes, and the various colour'd Strings,
Stuck round their Puppets by the Hands of K**ge
May dreſs 'em out, and flame about the Breaſt,
But ſhine in vain, unleſs by Worth impreſt.
Know, *B--th!* leſs Honours thy new Titles bear,
Than thy plain Virtue ſometime ſince could ſhare.

Are then our Hopes, our long-fed Hopes deſtroy'd,
And fickle Freedom vaniſh'd e'er enjoy'd?
Can he who ſtood the Barrier of our Right,
Sworn Foe to Rapine and oppreſſive Might;
Who ſtill preſt foremoſt in the Patriot Race,
Now ſink ſupine, and quit the Mid-Day Chace?
Can he who loudeſt for Enquiry baul'd,
And broke ev'n Friendſhip's Ties when *Britain* call'd,
Like Honours with his hated Rival take,
And quit his Country for a Cor'net Sake?

'Tis

'Tis plain, Ambition was thy only Guide,
And all thy Virtue ſprung from innate Pride:
Not wav'ring *St. John*, to no Party true,
Cou'd have deceiv'd the People worſe than you:
Drawn in a String the Vulgar flock'd along,
Charm'd by the *Syren* Muſick of your Tongue:
One conſtant Mask for Twenty Years you wore,
And ne'er appear'd in native Bronze before;
Can ſo much Virtue ſeem from ſo much Vice,
And can a *Briton* ſo his Soul diſguiſe?

The Modern Patriot thus we bring to View,
The Copy's juſt, the Original is You.
Nor juſt, nor honeſt; valiant nor ſincere;
His Eloquence but Pique, his Brav'ry, Fear;
No Love of Liberty inſpires his Soul,
But of his Actions Malice guides the Whole;
Leaves *Country Friends* to plunge o'er Head and Ears
In Infamy, and ſhame the Badge he wears.

How inconſiſtent Man at ſometimes is?
This Day he likes what t'other was amiſs;
Did not Great *Pulteney* vow while Life endur'd,
No Reſt he'd know 'till *Britain*'s Ills were cur'd;
But

† Lord Bolinbroke

But the Corruptor, and his Fraud purſue,
Thro' all Reſerves and e'ery mazy Clue,
That no Obſtruction ſhou'd his Spirit daunt,
When *Britain*, or his Pen, or Sword, ſhou'd want?
But urg'd too home his Frailty quits the Field,
Inticements court him, and he needs muſt yield;
He who the rougher Storms and Threats withſtood,
Is loſt in Flattery's inveigling Flood.
Proof againſt all Things but himſelf alone,
What Force cou'd never do, Ambition's done:
So the coy Nymph * the *artful Courtier* †*gain'd*,
And one foul Step her former Triumphs ſtain'd;
Deluſive Charms when all his Swiftneſs fail'd,
Seduc'd her Eyes, and o'er the Maid prevail'd:
The laſt Attempt ſhe met her foul Diſgrace,
And for a *Golden Apple* loſt the Race.

Bluſhing! the Labours of thy Pen ſurvey,
Hide them in Night; for the bright glaring Day
Will point thoſe Records of thy falling off,
Full in thy Face, and make thee all Mens Scoff:
When the warm Page with Love of Freedom glows,
And the true Patriot mourns his Country's Woes;
When

* Atalanta. † Hippomenes.

When ſtern Oppreſſion with *Herculean* Force
He ſtems, and tracks the Torrent from its Source,
Who then cou'd ever doubt his honeſt Heart?
Now view the Change, and with Amazement ſtart:
Sunk in Ambition, and the Love of Self,
Each Line ſtarts up a Satyr on Himſelf;
'Twas all *State-Prudery*, for over nice,
You ſcorn'd to ſin before you *had your Price:*
Your *Genius* dead long Time a Burial wants,
In which your Ghoſt the courtly *Charon* haunts;
Hov'ring between your Avarice and Pride,
You ſeem to ſhun, yet ſeek the other Side,
'Till plung'd in *B—th*, and mounting as from *Styx*,
You ſing a *Palinode* of Politicks.

If thus Great G[illegible] more E—ms ſhould beſtow,
All Men of Senſe the Pageant will forego,
Think Cor'nets Rattles, and their Wearers worſe,
Mere Babies mounted on a Hobby Horſe,
Whence Whip and Spur they caper up and down,
And v--te as Sugar Plumbs are to them thrown.

How muſt ſmooth *Fanny* ſimper to behold
His fell Antagoniſt with him enroll'd,
Cringe

Harldome

Cringe in the venal Herd he ſcorn'd before,
And riſe an Earl to be a Man no more;
Receive Him *O--F--D* with a courteous Smile,
Embrace the *Steady Patriot* of our Iſle;
Tell Him your old Debates of *England*'s Wrongs
Were like the wrangling Bar, a War of Tongues;
When now the Cauſe is done, and both are ſafe,
Shake Hands, and at your ruin'd Client laugh.
Was Fame thy End? How much more fair it ſtood,
To be rever'd by All, as Juſt and Good:
To ſee a Nation bend their Eyes to Thee,
As the *Palladium* of their Liberty;
But graſping now at more, the fleeting Shade,
Mocks all thy Toil, and does thy Search evade:
The Robe you wear is by th'Acceptance ſtain'd,
You've loſt the Honour, but the Title gain'd:
So fond *Ixion*, when he *Juno* woo'd,
Loſt the bright Goddeſs in a wat'ry Cloud.
O! yet be juſt, your dying Fame retrieve,
Th'expiring Taper yet one Blaze may give;
Purſue the Nation's Wiſh, be Rapine's Scourge,
And the ſtern Cries of Juſtice ſtrictly urge,
That Strength of Reaſon which could Commons guide
May ſnatch the Plund'rer from the Royal Side,

Bare

Bare all his Guilt, and teach deluded Peers
To calm an injur'd People's growing Fears;
So ſhall freſh Honours ſtill around the wait,
And riſing Trophies ſpeak thee truly great:
So ſhall th'admiring World thy Conduct hail,
And Truth o'er all Reſentments ſhall prevail,
Still Fame unſullied, ſhining bright and clear,
Shall Monuments of Praiſe unto thee rear;
But if for paſſive, baſe Compliance giv'n,
Thy Titles tinge thee with the courtly Leav'n,
Dazzl'd by the gaudy Trappings of a Throne;
Yet let triumphant Infamy go on,
To late Poſterity thy Name diſpis'd
Shall in the Patriot-mark the Fiend diſguis'd:
Curſt but the more, the more thou didſt excel,
As thy Copatriot *Satan* when he fell,
Rank'd firſt in *Heav'n*, for that took Place in *Hell.*

FINIS.